

What Happened After

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Summary: After a certain dispute, America and England seemed to have broken up, leaving both of their hearts, and physical bodies, in one of the worst conditions. Do they even realize that they can't live the thought of their significant other unwell?

What Happened After

All these pieces on the ground

>I shattered all the dreams

>I thought I found

>Can you put me back together?

>I need your grace for my flaws

>I'm broken in this mess I made

>I need you to restore me

It was all a blur to him. In only a matter of seconds, his world crashed down and he was no longer able to control the depressed side of him. His knees trembled and his hands were shaking, those once glistening green eyes were now puffy, bloodshot, and dry. Right now, he is sulking himself in his room with lots and lots of small liquor bottles, though mostly unopened, surrounding him in his sorrow. This is what was left of Arthur Kirkland.

Hidden in the darkness of his room, and on the floor next to him, were broken shards of the liquor bottles he smashed to pieces in anger. These items were used to make tiny cuts and wounds on his palms and arms, which is basically the same thing as self-harm except that there's absolutely no chance of him getting tetanus from such a feat. Not much blood was lost, this was one good thing that was happening at the current moment. But, he was little woozy.

A baby blue comforter was used to cover himself and keep him as warm as possible. His heart and mind suddenly grew colder without the true love and affection he has unrequited. All of his imaginary friends had disappeared due to the lack of creativity and abstract ideas that spread to the rest of his cerebrum. Sadly, flying mint bunny is also

gone.

To sum everything up, the once great nation is now a mindless zombie that only sits in his room. He has lost a ton of time that he could have spent desperately asking for forgiveness and another chance, even though he didn't really do anything wrong or against the will of his former lover. However, he can't force himself to get that angry at Alfred. He may be the king tsundere, but love has a rather weird effect on him, and disables his full angry state.

It may seem very selfish to just drown yourself in your own shame while you know your other half is getting hurt as well, but he just can't let go of the feeling of being a total failure and a queer. Growing up, he knew that he wanted to be something better, but he ends up being a complete burden to his lover, the rest of his friends and allies. He becomes rather unresponsive to his surroundings as he reminisces those terrible events that caused him and others all of this trouble.

"Angleterre!" Called out a very familiar voice, the one that he hated to the ends and corners of his heart.

Yes, it's the frog, the bloody frog that is most commonly known as France or Francis. The man who attempted to force him to marry him for unknown reasons. Arthur turns around with an angry glare due to the fact that he knew oh-so-well only one person in the entirety of their group calls him that. Kiku may call him 'Igirisu-san' but that's an entirely different story.

"Angleterre!" He called out once again in a rather singsong voice.

"You bloody frog, what do you want from me?!" Arthur yelled in the very common tsundere-like manner.

Francis pulls out a bunch of papers from his back, those were clearly the same papers that he used before. The expression on his face was a very confusing mix of happiness, joy, sorrow, sadness, and pity. It was very similar to the face of a girl on her monthly period trying to hide her secrets but badly failing. Arthur had nothing to say in the expected action of the man, since this event happened almost in every day of his life ever since the first time, thanks to the country of love's desperation. A big scowl was situated in his face while the goddamned frog started spilling meaningless words out of his larynx through his annoyingly soft lips.

"Sign our marriage contract already~! I know you want to badly." An obnoxious aura fills area after those two sentences were spewed out of the elder nation's widely opened mouth, which was now in an ear to ear smile.

'When will he ever stop?' Thought the green-eyed male. Impatience and anger that was stored in heart for so long piled up and was about to make him blow up like a great, active cone-shaped volcano. His voice box was uncontrollably letting out words without the authorization of the nucleus of nervous system, the brain. "How many times do I have to scream in your ear just so you can understand that I don't want to marry you, you frog?!"

France was being persistent, something not out of the ordinary. With

loudly clacking shoes, he approaches the smaller man and towers over him similar to how a bully would do to his or her victim. The weaker country had so many ideas on what he should do to the stupid playboy at times like this, but he had one simple problem: most of those thoughts contained physical strength, which he didn't have. Beating the guy up, kicking him in his crotch, and pulling out every single strand of hair on his head were only a few examples of what he would have done. 'I should really get stronger,' he thinks.

England ended up not doing any of his brilliant ideas and just reluctantly walked backwards. He knew that he'll eventually bump into the wall, but, at the moment, he doesn't even want to be in a 24 inch radius with the gross being right before him. To his demise, the man kept on coming closer and closer, he only stopped when he was able to get his small victim pinned to the wall. A smirk was vividly shining on his face as he did all of this. His clothes were as sparkly and shining as usual, there wasn't a day that he missed to be the best dressed in the entirety of their group's meetings. The wall was definitely not going one of Arthur's best friends due to the fact that it prevent him from running away from the desperate animal and going back into the comforting arms of his lover, America. His life just gets ruined right here, right now.

The taller man soon gains an idea and grins wider than he did a while ago. 'Amerique will definitely get jealous at this,' he thought evilly. Slowly, he cuts off the distance between the two of them and stops when their noses were touching each other's. Not being able to contain his passion any longer, he decides to say sweet nothings in front of the smaller man, even if they really meant nothing to the thick-eyebrowed nation.

"Jet'aime, Angleterre..."

And with those words, the distance was removed. France was kissing England, but England wasn't kissing back. In fact, the green-eyed nation was squirming and desperately trying to pry the large ass pervert off of him. His fists were in balls as he angrily punched the other person's chest in a drastic measure to get away from the frog. However, his efforts were in vain due to the fact that he was too weak in terms of physical means, there was no way he could do the stuff he wanted to do earlier. To know that the person who you hate completely, absolutely, and fully is pressing his annoyingly soft lips against your own is definitely not a nice feeling. Adding more to his burden, France started to lightly nibble of the poor country's lower lip, in a manner of asking permission to explore new territory that wasn't his.

Because of that one tiny act of rebellion that utterly pissed off the seme, the poor boy was now being kneed in his sensitive spots. You might be wondering if England turned on by this stupid little action. I have a simple answer to that, no way in hell he would. If he were to be turned on, it would definitely because of his own lover and hero, America, also known as Alfred F. Jones. A sudden surge of pain went through the smaller person's body. It caused him to gasp out in pain, and allows the annoying frog to fight for dominance inside the tiny red cave of saliva. An unwanted guest was able to enter some private property.

Approximately 80 milliseconds later, his brain was finally able to process what on earth was happening with him and the pervert

molester. Currently, he was doing everything in his power to push the god damned asshole away. France, on the other hand, was already anticipating what would happen if he was able to bring his love to one of the bedrooms in this large place. However, that wasn't happening anytime soon since they were in a hallway really far from the resting areas and the younger male was being quite stubborn. Lucky for Francis, there weren't any people passing by this specific passageway, which means that it was quite unfortunate for the smaller country. Unbeknownst to them, during those events, the soft clacking of footsteps were audible, even if it was diluted by the fuzzy carpets.

As if on cue, 3 members of the Axis Powers walked down the hallway. They saw England struggling against the harsh, yet needy, grasp of the country of love. All three of them had reasons as to why they wanted to get the bloody frog away from the green-eyed personification, I'll name them one by one for each person.

First of all, Japan was a hardcore and die-hard fan of the yaoi ship USUK, which may also be called UKUS and LiberTea. Number one on his NOTP list was FrUK. His reasons were simple, weren't they? Let's proceed to North Italy.

North Italy, the man-child we all know too well. He was obviously knowledgeable of the relationship of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and the United States of America, therefore he wanted to do what was right in the eyes of everyone, except for France.

Lastly, Germany was usually fighting for the side that he was good. In this case, he finds the USUK ship the good side because it was actually canon and FrUK was only one-sided. Another simple reason from a country that was super confusing and complicated. Well, it wasn't his fault that he is currently dating the very childish and cowardly Feliciano Vargas.

After seeing such a sight, Kiku was looking away in complete disgust, Veneziano was trembling and hiding himself behind the nation that was way bigger than him, and Ludwig looked like he was about to blow a fuse. As if it was an instinct or a reflex, the blond nation abandons the trembling redhead and Asian, and approaches the two men, one that was mouth-raping and the other one being mouth-raped. His fist uncontrollably swings on the left cheek of the man with shoulder-length hair, therefore swinging him barely conscious on the ground. The male who was trained with the way of the samurai abruptly unsheathed his sharp katana and points it at the Frenchman's neck, not giving him any movement without having to be wounded.

England, who was saved from potential rape, was only panting heavily against the wall. His green eyes were wide and bulging, sweat beaded his forehead, and his heart was pumping way too much blood in his system. France was on the ground, frightened to move a single bit due to the fact a small move may cause him a painful slash to the neck from the powerful Asian country. The rescue was successful but the aftermath wasn't that desirable, on the side of the Brit.

Once he cleared up all the useless things out of his head, he proceeded to utter out a few words of gratitude in a tsundere manner. "Thanks, but I didn't need your help."

They all knew the way the man spoke and knew that deep down he had been very grateful. He and Romano used words in that way but didn't really mean it, therefore Veneziano was the one who was familiar with it.

The Axis soon showed a sign of saying 'you're welcome'. All three of them waltz out of the hallway and dragged the atrocious frog with them. They may have been on the bad side during the world wars but they have let their past behind them and did what they thought would benefit everyone and not just their governments.

A face that showed pure failure was soon dominating the entirety of the gentleman's face as he remembers what he was supposed to be doing. He was only going to use the rest room and get back to America in the meeting room so that they could go home together. Yes, they tend to stay with each other when there are meetings in their places. This one took place in London, but not in England's house. It took place in a building that Allistor bought to his own satisfaction.

In an instant, he dashed to the meeting room. Only to his demise, the room was desolate and nobody was around to say a simple greeting to him, not even America who was supposed to wait for him here. The table was soon the center of attention due to the fact that there was a yellow sticky note that had a few words written on it. It was slightly messy because some words were crushed out and the letters were wiggly and it seemed that the person who wrote it was trembling in the process. With glistening green eyes, England read the contents of the short note carefully, ingesting every single word.

_ 'Dear England, _

_ I went home ahead. (#) Don't worry, there weren't any serious (#) emergencies that happened. Just meet me at your house later. (#) (#) (#) _

_ From, _

_ America' _

A sigh of relief escapes the boy's mouth. Nothing wrong or serious happened to the man he oh-so-loved, he probably just got bored and went ahead. But wait, wouldn't he have went to look for England before exiting the very establishment? That was for the small man to find out. Even if he knew very well not to leave Alfred, there's nothing he could do in that situation that rendered him weak, terribly weak. The taller blond man currently had a mental condition called Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder, most commonly known as ADHD. Thankfully, it's well suppressed with medicine, and it is weakened due to the fact that he is a country and not human.

Once England was out of the building, he swiftly dashed towards the streets but made sure the main entrance doors were shut tightly. The siblings may hate each other a freaking lot, yet they still care for each other deep down. Huge tsunderes to sum everything up. But then, not everyone in the Kirkland family is a tsundere. There's still the danderes, derederes, kuuderer, and himideres. Lucky for them, there aren't any yanderes lying around like Belarus.

The United Kingdom stops his trail of thoughts as his attention moves to the beautiful transition of day and night in the sky. A glowing

ball of hot gases, most commonly known as the sun, has just set in the west and the very mysterious moon was about to rise up in the east. This sight made a cheeky smile climb up Arthur's face. What was special about this smile was that it reached all the way into the green eyes that he had; it was genuine. It always rained in the place he stayed in, therefore you'll not be seeing sights as pretty as those on regular days.

After admiring the rare occurrence that took place above, he continued to run quickly on the sidewalk pavement. Good for him, there were less people than there were on a regular basis. He easily slipped through large crowds, dodged lamp posts and phone boxes, and avoided busy shops thanks to his quite small frame and war experience. However, even with all of those skills, there was no doubt that there were still a lot of people walking around in the streets, not in a rush compared to what their country personification was facing right now.

Unable to avoid such circumstances, England found himself stuck in the middle of a large crowd. The supposed two way traffic system implied on the sidewalks was soon ignored and people soon began walking in diagonal and other directions, therefore causing the construction of heavy traffic. An annoyed and utterly pissed off growl escapes his mouth as he calmly handles the situation like how a true gentleman would. Instead of rudely thrashing out and pushing the citizens to the side, he obliges to the situation and patiently goes with the flow.

Soon enough, a feeling of claustrophobia reached the bushy-eyebrowed man. His chest felt like it was closing upon itself and his head was fuzzy. The once steady breaths he took were now shortened as he found it quite difficult to get back on track. He politely said 'excuse me' to some Brits so that he could reach a certain alleyway that he saw on the side, sandwiched between two buildings. Gladly, he made it there in one piece. A hand soon went to his abdomen area as the pain quickly began to get worse. His back was against the wall, attempting to get perfect balance as he writhed in pain, he knew that he faced worse pain than this in certain wars, but this one had a certain emotional mix to it, similar to what happened in the Revolutionary War of America.

At the thought of that war, tears started to build up in his eyes. He lost something he deeply cared for right there. It obviously happened for the better of America, but it only left heartbreak for the smaller country as they parted in a very hurtful way. Arthur decided to not reminisce on it with too much detail because he didn't want to add anymore load to what he was already feeling.

Feeling the pain slowly disappearing, he fixes up his posture and glances at the street. There were obviously less people but the quantity was still big. The heavy traffic of people was no longer there, so squeezing in there and leaving quickly would have been a total breeze. His footsteps soon become unsteady again while he thinks about his very beloved America and how he might be fairing right now.

Alfred might get pissed off at him if he tells him the story of what happened a while ago with France and the others, and it might even lead to break up talk. He felt like a smaller version of the revolutionary war was happening at the moment inside his very

corroded brain. On the ground, there he is begging his former colony to stay in his grasp in order for them to be together in his desire, but none of that stuff happened to the joy of the older nation, didn't they? Misfortune may be dominant in his trail of thoughts, but the true blessings were being blurred out even if they outweigh the bad luck.

Arthur stops thinking as soon as a coughing starts. His lungs felt like they were burning and his hand was doing everything it could to ease the pain and massage the area of discomfort. Most of the people were gone by this time, and gave him the dignity to just falls on his knees and make the pain dissipate. 'What had caused this?' you may ask. That is a question to be answered later on. At the moment, we have to watch the small nation in dealing with a human sickness called 'coughs'.

He gets up from his achingly painful position with tears welling in his eyes once again. 'I won't tell America. He'll just get worried,' thought the sickly man. He soon realizes that he is only 4 more lots away from the house that he owned. An instant surge of energy was soon through his systems and he was so motivated to run all the way and trap Alfred in a huge, loving hug. However, that wouldn't be a very smart decision due to the fact that Iggy was uneasy and he still has to explain himself and what happened previously.

Knock, knock, knock.

Arthur knocks on the front door, awaiting the other blond to open it for him. He was still catching his breath from running the rest of the distance from which he was coughing really, really hard. His hands were on his knees as he breathed through his mouth to get as much air back inside his alveoli. Anxiety soon builds up in him, worsening the process of regaining his lost oxygen. The golden-coloured knob began to twist and make clicking noises. All attention was moving towards the person who opened the door. Of course, it was Alfred himself.

_A sound is heard from _the tin bottle cap that just fell on the floor. The sulking man takes another swig of the bitter alcohol as he pauses on contemplating about what happened less than a week ago between him and his lover. He knows very well that his body's going to give up on him later one if he doesn't stop these unhealthy habits of drinking to lighten the pain he is currently experiencing. Another for that; too much blood loss can immediately weaken him due to the fact that blood is the medium used to bring oxygen, carbon dioxide and many other materials all throughout the body.

He rubs his eyes slowly and realizes that his tears were no longer the salty liquid everyone was used to, in fact, his eyes were deprived of water. Crying too much and the lack of drinking water leads to effects such as this, dehydration and fatigue. The now empty bottle, which was in his hand, was on the floor along with broken shards and fellow empty and full ones.

Arthur placed his palms against the potentially dangerous glass pieces on the floor as he plans on continuing to reminisce, skin slowly being torn apart. Blood slowly escaped through the tiny, new cuts. His voice was raspy while he muttered a few words out.

"I love you, you git... wherever you are...", he paused. "I knew I

should have gotten rid of that frog long ago."

The door opens because of Alfred's actions. Arthur was still heavily breathing as he looks up to the face he wanted to see throughout his entire journey back home. They made eye contact, but America's cold-hearted glare only sent shivers down the older boy's spine, therefore not allowing him to do the next action he wanted; giving him a hug. Both of them were already standing straight as England spoke in a stutter.

"A-America, I'm sorry. I ran into France, and y-you know what's u-up with him," apologized the smaller nation.

'He must be pissed off at me for leaving late,' thought England. They continued their eye contact, however, the silence only made matters worse for the United Kingdom. He knew that there was definitely something wrong going on, and needed, desperately needed, to find out what was going on. America being overall serious and not happy go lucky was almost the exact same thing as Romano genuinely smiling of happiness; either a complete disaster or a once in a lifetime event.

Not being knowledgeable about the situation slowly eats at his heart and leaves a heavy-weighting burden on his shoulders. Guilt was building up, he needed to vent, he needed to vent to someone on what happened between him and the frog. Arthur wouldn't be guilty of having another person kiss him full on the lips if he didn't want to cheat on Alfred and love him.

Soon enough, a slightly deep and serious voice speaks up. "It's good that you're back. Come on in, I cooked us dinner," said the blue-eyed male.

The taller boy moves away from the door to give way for the tsundere to get in the house. England slowly walks in with his shoes clacking against the marble tile flooring until the carpet was soon covering the heavy-duty ceramics. It was unusual for them to be this quiet, they would either be talking nonsense or arguing in a non-serious manner.

In almost no time at all, they were both seated in the dining area with food on their plates. The traditional home cooked American food that was served felt beautiful to their taste buds, compared to the English food that the other blond cooks which could be used for potential child abuse. An odd, awkward silence takes place in the slightly humid atmosphere. The only sounds that could be heard were the clanking of their utensils against the pure white ceramic plates, the sound of water being poured, and the homeowner's coughs.

Thanks to his coughs, he grew very needy of water. So, from time to time, the man with poorer eyesight poured water on the sickly man's glass. He rubs his eyelids with his eyes shut right before he releases a sigh to be a conversation starter.

"So, is there anything you need to tell me?"

A confused look climbs on the man with bushy eyebrows' face right before he answered. "Oh. I also ran into Germany, Veneziano, and Japan. They helped me get away from the damned France."

"What did he want from you anyways?" The same deep and serious voice was used in a maybe threatening manner.

This was odd, very odd. They never have conversations this serious, the man with eyeglasses would already have inserted something about being heroic and saving his damsel in distress. No, none of those things happened. In fact, this only sent more shivers down England's spine, and made him tremble slightly in his seat, America not noticing it.

He sighs again before answering the previous question. "He wanted me to sign the bloody marriage contract again. No was in hell am I doing that in my entire life, country or not."

There was clear uncertainty in the larger nation's mystically beautiful blue eyes, so he questions the answer once again. "Are you sure that you wouldn't?"

Hurt in the form a slither of ice hits the older man's heart figuratively. However, even if he didn't actually get stabbed in the heart by something really cold, he was terribly hurt emotionally. He didn't want it to show on his face, but it was almost impossible to do so, the pain was excruciating. To try to fix up what he feels, he puts on his tsundere façade. "Why the bloody hell are you questioning me, wanker? Of course I'm sure."

"What's taking him so long?" Alfred asked himself. "He just needed to pee, right?"

He paces around in the meeting room of Allistor's building, impatience soon taking over his systems. The large oval table in the middle of the room was encircled by the American almost 8 times until he finally decided that he had enough of walking around the room, he could eventually just ruin the heels of his shoes. His hand pulls back one of the chairs, therefore allowing him to sit down and relax most of his body's muscles. At the moment, he's using his hand as an object to hold his head up. The other hand was repeatedly tapping the table while he anxiously waits for his beloved to come back.

Not being able to contain himself any longer, he gets up and heads straight for the door. The nation soon comes to a point where he has to choose in between two paths. Once he got out of the door, there were two hallways awaiting him; left and right. Like most of the human population would, he proceeds to the right and wishes that he got the correct one. With his fingers crossed, he starts to think about what happened to Arthur and what was taking him so long. There were a lot of possibilities, like the smaller country obtaining LBM, he got trapped in the room, or there was no tissue available.

His thoughts were then cut short because he heard odd noises. He knew very well that noises such as this were not normal in an establishment such as this. Slight pounding, laughs, yells, and feet stomping. Yep, definitely not normal. It sounded like two people were beating each other up, and yet, not at the same time. Confusion filled him up.

The next move of his was one he wanted to forget. He regretted it. Even though he has seen things much worse than what he saw, such as people dying in the midst of war, this felt worse than anything before. Turning that corner will definitely haunt him for the rest of

his life, something that will weigh down on his shoulders, something that will keep him up at 2 AM just because he thought of it. His heart ached at this, his stomach did flips, his chest felt like it was eating up on itself. 'How could you?' he thought angrily with his fists clenched.

England was there, pinned on the wall by France. From Alfred's point of view, it looked like the two were so engrossed in eating each other's faces that they didn't even notice the fuming American in the end of the hallway. He thought that Arthur's hands, which were actually desperately trying to pry off the Frenchman, looked like they were lightly pressing on the taller man's suit buttons, in a manner to remove his first layer of clothing. The squirming wasn't visible either, so it looked like that his previous lover was allowing the damned pervert to do such nasty stuff to him.

Having seen enough, the blue-eyed nation hastily steps away from the scene, not wanting to make much more trouble than there already was. His stomps were loud but got weakened by the thick and fuzzy carpet that protected the creamy tiled floor. He retraced his steps and went to retreat back to the meeting room.

On the way back, he encounters some of the members in the Axis Powers, namely Germany, Veneziano, and Japan. The three were only walking casually with Italy normally sticking to the German's side. The Asian man was trudging sturdily with his hand on the handle of his sheathed katana. They notice the distress of the American, yet Kiku was the only one who had the heart to speak up and ask what on earth was going on.

"America-san, what's the matter?"

He was completely ignored by the blond. The betrayed nation just blocked all three of them out entirely. His thoughts were jumbled up and bingle bongle, dingle dangle, yickety do yickety da, ping pong, lippy tappy too tah. All he could perceive was England do stuff with another man that he wouldn't do unless given proper permission.

Once he was back inside the meeting room, he slams both of his fists on the wooden table with tears flowing out of his eyes. One hand of his removes Texas from the bridge of his nose due to the fact that he didn't want his beloved specs to get ruined and wet. That same hand moves towards his blond hair and slowly pulls on the thin material. 'Why? What am I supposed to do? How am I supposed to feel?' He thinks frantically.

A light bulb soon glows in his head as an idea sparks in his mind. Since he knew that England would definitely come back in the current place he is in and he can't bring himself to face the smaller nation at the moment, he might as well just leave a note to inform the other of his whereabouts. He may be enraged with his previously beloved, but he still cares for the man and doesn't want him to be stressed over worry.

A pen and small yellow sticky note was soon in his grasp as he writes down his short message. His usually neat handwriting was slight wobbly because of the fact that he was trembling quite a bit. His unorganized thoughts also made him crush a few words that seemed to be off or out of context. Things like 'Fuck off, shitty asshole,' and, 'Get over here so I can kill you,' were evident upon his mind.

Heck, he actually wrote something like that and had to erase it by crushing it out the best he can.

There was a heavy burden in Alfred's heart as he trudged out of the room. It wasn't like weight on your shoulders, but rather the feeling of your heart repeatedly being chopped up and rolled around in broken glass. Despite all of that, he felt like this was mandatory; he felt the desperate need to just leave and disregard whatever the hell was happening in that building. Tears were already staining on the lens of his glasses with an unstoppable force. They wouldn't stop, it couldn't stop, his heart and mind were too hurt for it to stop.

America hopped in the driver's seat of his car and slipped the key in ignition. Once the engine was truly ready, he carefully drive away, very wary of the current happenings on the roads. He was going directly to England's house, which was actually only a walking distance, and prepare some stuff. If he was going to have a special confrontation with the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, he was going to make it formal and serious. This was definitely not going to be child's play.

He stops at a stoplight and decides to take a short glance at the late afternoon sky. It was at the phase of transition between night and day. Blue, black, yellow, red, and orange make a beautiful panoramic view in the large canvas of the heavens called the sky. A struggled smile climbs up his face and slightly calms down. He knew seeing weather like this in London was considered very lucky. His attention was moved back to the road, and in a few moments, red shifted to green.

_"Kuya America?" called out the _voice of his former colony.

A tanned girl with long black hair knocked at her beloved friend's bedroom door. Concern paints all over her face while she tried hard to twist the knob that locks her away. With a sigh, she presses her forehead against the wood and softly speaks to the man again. "America, I'm only here to help you. You won't benefit anything if you keep yourself locked up in there."

She had always cared for the greater nation, even if she was betrayed by him and her father through the Treaty of Paris. As the known daughter of Spain, she was taught well and disciplined seriously. However, when America came into her life, she was taught how to do things the fun way. Therefore, here she is now, trying to comfort the human being that helped her become the person she presently is. Values were also taught to her, now, here she is retelling the advice told to her.

"I'm here to help you. Do you know that England badly needs you right now?"

Right after she said that, footsteps were heard and the door was opened harshly. A man with bloodshot eyes with blue irises and an irritated nose did the said action and stared at his former puppet of a nation. His glare was cold and it left the poor Asian girl shivering in her spot as the world superpower towered over her poor frame. His fist was raised in sense of threatening Maria.

In an action of instinct, she raises her arms in a cross position in

front of her and ducked her head, trying to get herself in a sense of safety. With eyes closed and limbs trembling, she whimpers quietly, but it was loud enough for the blond to hear. A sigh was heard before the girl regained her composure and managed enough courage to get eye contact once again. The fist that was supposed to clash with her figure faltered and dropped to its owner's side. Choked sobs preceded a certain act of affection that utterly scared the female to the bone.

America hugged her. Not an awkward hug, but rather a hug that seeks comfort and longs for someone to fill up the miniature black hole inside his body. Tears soon leave circular marks on her white shirt and red sash as America continued to cry over her shoulder. She did her best in trying to comfort the brokenhearted man; hugging him, gently rubbing on his back, and allowing him to nuzzle on her shoulder.

After realizing that they had a bit of a difficulty, she moved Alfred off her shoulder and looks at him straight in the eyes as she speaks. "Let's get you inside. I don't want you collapsing out here."

The both of them walked inside the large room. Of course, being a world superpower meant extreme luxury and riches, compared to those like Philippines who only had an average two-story house. Despite all of the decorations and furniture, it all felt empty. I guess without that heartwarming smile plastered on his face his own house- err, mansion would reflect on what he's feeling. Philippines didn't like the atmosphere one bit, for her own house was filled with laughter and loud noise.

Alfred was soon sitting on the edge of his king-sized bed with his head in his hands. The baby blue dress shirt's sleeves became stained with the fresh tears that came out of his tear ducts. It had occurred to him that he wasn't feeling this bad for the past two days, but either way, he still had that weight on his heart. 'Is England fine, or like me, worse?' he mentally asks himself. The first option was already taken out since England was already crying during the night America had left him. And, knowing the smaller nation, he knows how much if a drunkard he is. Therefore he concludes that his beloved is in a worse state than he is.

"How long has it been since you last saw each other?" Piri gently asked out of the silence, unable to deal with it.

A half stern and half worried expression illuminated her face. America knew that this was definitely not a time to be joking or randomly thrashing. He difficultly takes a deep breath, his nose had become runny because of all that irritation crying caused, and forced out a quantitative answer.

"Around three days," he rasped out.

"Three days of torture, hasn't it been?" She comments with her voice raising at the end of the sentence, awaiting a sign of approval.

He only nodded, speechless to say the least.

Maria gets lost in her own thoughts. She knows that the situation was already a bit cuckoo and that decisions must be made wisely. Thanks to that analysis, she neglects her original plan of dragging America

all the way to the United Kingdom's house and make them settle their differences. At the moment, she chooses to make both sides knowledgeable of the true story. However she does not go straight to the point and asks a question related to the topic.

"Do you really know what happened with France and England?" Piri utters in a voice mixed with slight impatience.

As if it was on an impulse, the United States answered in a shaky manner. "T-they were eating each other's faces in the hallway. I saw them with my own eyes," he pauses. "I bet the Axis saw it too."

The smaller nation sighs in pure disappointment and goes to rub her forehead for a short while. Things on America's side were way worse than what she had expected. He has a bit of a trust issue with the other person in their relationship, and that was what led them to total separation. However, it's so obvious that they still love each other a lot. Why on earth would Arthur be drinking frequently, and why would Alfred be very hesitant and hurt with this matter? A glint full of mixed emotions was shot to sapphire before kind-sounding words filled the air.

"Do you think that England has the heart to do this to you?" said the tanned female.

America was taken aback by this. His beloved Iggy may be a really obvious tsundere, but his heart was pure. He truly hates who he hates, namely France, and loves who he loves, America.

"He needs you right now, he's completely broken without you."

Instead of answering in the way he usually would, he attempts to go all tsundere to get more answers, and failed badly. "How should I know that you're not lying?"

The tone in his voice was too sincere and worried to be angry. That completely gave him away and caused Maria to laugh a little bit. Remember, kids, stick to your dere type don't go and try to imitate others'.

After he hesitantly cooked up a simple meal and set the table normally, America wanders out the dining area and into another place. The other blond hasn't arrived yet, and this triggered more suspicion on the current side. He edged his way to the bedroom that they had previously slept in. This room actually belongs to just the Englishman, but since the American came over for a meeting, they shared a room.

He observes the pictures that were on the walls and on the bedside table. Those pictures that were in large frames were those of England's past adventures and journeys in other countries with other countries. However, there was one rather small, wooden frame resting atop another wooden object that caught most of his attention. The image inside it told a lot more than another picture would; this one says stories of the infinity.

It was a picture of the couple's first kiss together taken by none other than the male yaoi fan amidst the countries, Japan. Arthur may have reacted really, really negative when he found out about the

photograph, but he treasures it like he did with gold back in his pirating days. The photo showed two tomato-red faces touching each other through their lips. The less dominant of the pair had a face of pure shock, yet it doesn't symbolize that he didn't like the action of the younger nation. He loved it a freaking lot.

The tall, blond nation sighs and decides to leave the room in order to avoid emotionally breaking down and creating a scene for such a shallow reason. He has to have a façade showing pure confidence while he talks his way around in the dangerous situation he is in. Who knows how things would end up to be if he didn't be the stronger one out of the both of them? Oh believe me, it wouldn't end all too well for both of their likings, wishes or dreams. At least, he felt that he had to act like a real adult and face his problems like a true man. However, he does not imply that England is a total pussy or coward. Nope, he definitely isn't.

America treads down the hallway and down the small flight of stairs found at the end area of the pathway he used. He goes directly to the living room and drops himself upon the soft cushions. Sapphire wanders to the glass coffee table and focused on a device that he called one of the most important inventions ever made in the Earth, the remote control. Usually, he would rejoice if he found out that he had complete authority over the device and the television, but he had just stared at it as if it was completely atrocious like that stupid blob fish he saw in the Internet. If anyone was brave enough, or stupid enough, to walk in on Mr. Jones right now, they would be rushing to call the hospital.

Later on, three knocks were heard from the front door, breaking his beautiful moment of silence and of isolation. The man inside only got up once he regained his composure and took one heavy breath. He approaches the wooden divider and hesitantly twists the knob that separates them. A panting Briton was found with his hands on his knees. The smaller male was in obvious pain was not in the perfect state to be joking around and making a fuss out of everything in this goddamned world. However, due to what has previously happened, the man with the slightly impaired vision just ignored the person in agony.

To his own demise, he starts to think about negative thoughts and incorrect accusations as to why the elder nation was deprived of much energy than he usually is. And, involuntarily, a venomous glare becomes quite dominant over his usual happy expression. England soon finds it easier to let his respiratory system toward, and fixes himself to look at America with apologetic eyes.

"A-America, I'm sorry. I ran into France, and y-you know what's u-up with him." His answer came in a stutter, quite unusual for the man he knows.

Green meets blue and they both grow quite uneasy. Alfred knew that none of them were comfortable with what was occurring right now but he just shrugged it off, not wanting to start arguing about this in the front door where people could see them. Along with the non-existent clacking of his shoes against the wood-tiled floor, America lets England inside the house so his plan- or sort of a plan-work itself out slowly smoothly without adding much more difficulty to what was happening.

When both of them were already eating at the table, an awkward silence soon dominated the room. However, coughs from the United Kingdom made the United States provide his needs of water from time to time. It was only a simple procedure, of course. First, he had to fill his glass with the needed clear substance from the pitcher. Then, he gives it to the sickly boy without another word said. He removes his eyeglasses from the bridge of his nose and slowly rubs his eyelids with his free hand.

After finishing his said action, he decides to ask a question that could potentially start on the topic he wanted. "So, is there anything you need to say to me?"

An expression of pure confusion was plastered on the older nation's face before he was able to give out an answer. "Oh, I also ran into Germany, Veneziano, and Japan. They helped me get away from the damned France. "

'Is that so?' thought he. Thinking that he could use more of this information, he continues to question and interrogate, but deep down inside him, he knew he was slowly losing it. Using the same emotionless yet slightly serious tone once again, more words spill out of his mouth out of deep thought and impulse.

"What did he want from you anyways?"

During their usual evening chats, he would already be talking about doing heroic acts to save his beloved damsel in distress from the frog France. Tonight, and only tonight, those normal, obnoxious expressions were dropped off somewhere deep inside his brain where they couldn't easily slip away. Alfred would be mature for once and take things seriously. 'If my confession to him was far too childish, I must end this pain in the opposite way.' He thought to himself.

All attention moved to Arthur as he sighed in contemplation and spoke. "He wanted me to sign the bloody marriage contract again. No was in hell am I doing that in my entire life, country or not."

Despite the fact that it was quite normal for England to keep on denying with a string of curses following directly afterwards, uncertainty and doubt was still swimming around in America's heart. He learned from Japan that Iggy was a huge tsundere, which meant he acts like he hates the people around him but actually cares deep down. But who knows? England might care for France more than how a frenemy or friend would.

With negativity clouding up the frontal and paratial lobes of his brain, he interrogates yet again with a hint of fake curiosity. "Are you sure that you wouldn't?"

A hurt expression and a scoff climbs up the bushy-eyebrowed man's face when he heard the question. He knew very, very well that he wouldn't trade Alfred for Francis even if it mattered on his life. So, if this was definitely a question the other knew the answer to, why the hell would he be asking? That is for him to know and understand, not for us. Unable to comprehend even the simplest of incidences, he impulsively comes up with a reply like he usually would when he was caught off guard; the tsundere fañsade.

"Why the bloody hell are you questioning me, wanker? Of course I'm sure."

This was the last degree for him, the last string, and the last straw. No longer able to contain the string feelings within him, he mutters something that clearly broke both of their hearts in only a matter of a few seconds. What he saw, what he felt, and how he reacted to it. Wasn't everything pretty much given away already? Arthur had sugar coated everything due to the fact that he didn't want accept what was happening in reality. No one does, right?

"How come I saw you making out with him?"

Philippines sighs and shoots a look that says 'Are you being serious about this?' to America. She deeply wants him to understand what she was trying to do, that was the first step to be able to fix every single thing that went wrong. Deciding that telling him something quite striking would work, she goes to face the world superpower and relays him a report on what he knows about the other blond. "_Kuya Inglatera _may lie about lots of things. _Putangina, _even his own well-being. But has he ever lied to you about sensitive stuff like cheating on you?"

Realization hit the male like a sharp-edged ice shard hitting him right in between his heart and Aorta, separating the two muscles and preventing the heart from pumping more oxygenated blood into the rest of his body. The sensation caused him to go paler and sent shivers down his spine as if he was really struck by something ice-cold. The Filipina noticed this and started contemplating and ruling out her options. She places her naturally tanned hands where the other's hands were and makes a dangerous decision; a risky one.

"Kiku told me the entire story when he visited me 2 days ago," she paused. "Now, I'll tell you. Just hear me out, okay?"

The only response came in the form of a nod. Through the tears that were falling like the _Aliwagwag_ on his cheeks, he listens to his former colony intently. Her tone was quite serious a while ago with her cursing and venomous glare, he immediately knew that her bad side was about to pop out.

"Oh, Japan! It's a surprise to see you. I wasn't even able to prepare any food or drinks," exclaimed the personification of a Southeast Asian nation, in shock to see her former World War II colonizer, also known as her current lover.

The older country just let out a chuckle and engulfed the smaller girl in a warm hug. She was soon rendered unable to make tea for him or do anything of the sorts inside her household. A soft and loving kiss was left on her forehead, preceding the action of muttering that sent blood rushing to the girl's tanned cheeks. Their hug was released before they laughed at themselves.

Kiku decided to speak up soon for he had some news for Maria. He would have told America's other family members, but as far as he knows, there aren't any other people in his family rather than England and France. Leading to the conclusion that he can't see Canada. But then, if he could, he still couldn't go to Canada because he was on a holiday break with Prussia.

"Piri, you already know that you don't need to treat me like royalty," he pauses. "Besides, I have something to tell you, and it's quite important."

At the word 'important', Philippines' attention was caught and she immediately brought the male to the cozy living room of her house and made him sit on one of the comfy chairs while she grabbed some snacks for both of them to enjoy while discussing the matter. Spain raised her pretty well, now didn't he?

Once she prepared everything on the small wooden table in front of them, she sat next to the black-haired man and made eye contact with him. A wide and happy smile was plastered on her face as soon as she noticed the heavy atmosphere around Japan. It is a very well known fact that she hates tension, so she tries to lighten the mood by attempting to speak Nihongo, and he loves it.

"ã•@ã•†ã•-ã•ÿã•@i¼ÿ" (What's up?)

He smiles at her cuteness and starts off with a question that is fully coordinated with the situation and yet doesn't spoil that much. "You are knowledgeable of America and England's relationship, right? After all, you were colonized by them at one point in your life as a country."

She only nodded, not wanting to say anything else sensitive because the male had already mentioned colonization.

"Well, after the most recent G8 meeting, I caught sight of America running down the hallway and pretty angry. Then, when I turned the corner with Germany and Italy, we saw France forcibly kissing England against a wall."

At this point, Maria was red with anger and rage, but she held it down pretty well. She mumbles a few things under breath, however, some curses were made audible. A gloved hand lands on the small of her back, slowly rubbing circles in a sense of giving comfort to her. He predicted that she'd react this way, both of them had an unhealthy obsession of that ship being canon.

Her thoughts soon wander on how the two idiots were fairing at the moment. America couldn't obviously handle heavy situations like these by himself and England was notorious for being a drunkard. It all points out to negative endings. She was really concerned and annoyed, in short, she didn't like it. Unexpectedly, she hugged Japan and buried her head in the crook of his neck. Words were heard.

"Thanks for telling me," she said. "I'll have to go and see them both. Can you come with me?"

"I wish I could, but I have work to do. Just be safe, okay?"

At this very moment, the two nations are inside a cab that they hailed, headed towards the nearest airport. Wondering what you missed? Nothing much. It was just a little more convincing from the younger nation to get America to go to England and settle out this problem. Back inside the vehicle, the blond was really anxious and couldn't pull himself together. In a manner of wanting to calm down, he lightly tugs on Maria's hair, which doesn't actually leave a nice

feeling for the girl.

Annoyed as she is, the Asian does everything in her power to slow down the uneasiness inside the American. That was definitely not an easy job, considering that he was close to having a seizure. All the regrets he had began to pile up and became a weight on his heart and shoulders. Lucky for them, the driver had already experienced driving with a man with an actual seizure in the backseat, so this was nothing new to him.

The ride may have been total torture and what not, but Alfred endured it all through without injuring himself or anyone else. Once they arrived, Maria paid the fee and made sure that they didn't leave anything behind. Growing rather impatient, Alfred forcibly pulls her inside the large building that awaited their entrance for their leave from America.

They skipped through the long lines and tight crowds while going directly for the VIP section of the check in area. As nations, their superiors asked for private jets to easily transport them around the world for specific meetings. America pants heavily right in front of the receptionist, unable to speak properly, leaving Piri to do all of the work.

"Maria Clara Carriedo de la Cruz and Alfred F. Jones. I believe there's a jet to London, England reserved for us," she said quickly yet clearly.

The blue-eyed male was astounded by what he heard. 'There's already a plane prepared? She really did plan everything out. I hope she's not mad at me for delaying her,' he thought to himself. He wearily gets up and holds his overnight bag.

"Ah yes, the plane is ready in the 8th gate in the left wing. It is piloted by Mr. Himaruya Hidekaz. Might I ask if you have any luggage to check in?" The female asks formally while typing in some details on the computer for printing their tickets.

Alfred was still overwhelmed by the situation and allowed the Filipina to do the rest. "No, we'll take these overnight bags in hand carry."

"Very well then, you may proceed up the gate and skip immigration. I'll be informing your pilot about your approach. Here are your tickets."

"Thank you, miss. We'll be off now," Philippines pauses and tunes to America, grabbing his arm. "Let's go, Romeo. Juliet can't be kept waiting."

They rush all the way to the escalators a few meters away from the check in area and carefully ride on. Both of the countries were bringing clothes contained in a small package of a gym bag, which was, of course, Piri's idea. The overly troubled Westerner was too lost in his mind to honestly care for himself and his well-being. She wouldn't agree with how he was neglecting himself while being too engrossed with something else. Yes, this may be an act of pure selflessness, but think this through. How on earth's name can you take good care of someone else if you, yourself, are not in the able state?

Once they were at the pathway leading to the left wing, they had to go through inspection. Maria removed the silver bracelet on right hand, the brown Swiss watch on her left, and placed her beloved cellphone on the tray provided by the security guard. On the other hand, Alfred removed his silver watch and belt along with his mobile with her stuff to go through the scanner.

Philippines went through the metal detector first, America followed right after. They grabbed their stuff, put on their metallic items, and dashed towards the area where the 8th gate was located. As they passed, people were sitting on the chairs while waiting for their planes to arrive. Some teens and adults were taking loads of pictures; others just sitting and conversing. Some children were running around; some just sitting down or sleeping.

The two nations were already at the gate when a man with beautiful brown hair and glasses went up to them and spoke. "Hello, children. I'm Hidekaz Himaruya, one of the private nations' pilots. Let's get both of you on a ride to England, shall we?"

After 8 hours of a boring plane ride, which mostly consisted of America desperately nagging a fatigued Philippines to stay awake, they arrived at the place they expected. This time, it was the American taking the lead since the other nation is on the brink of passing out. A taxi was hailed and another quick ride was taken. Luckily for the Asian, she was able to sleep soundly for quite a while.

They paid the driver and quickly went towards England's front door. It was unlocked and gave easy access to the two intruding nations. Iggy's room was the first place they went to and got shocked with what they saw.

On the ground, under a clump of blue was the United Kingdom of Great Britain along with blood, broken glass, and liquor bottles. The attention was all moved to the unconscious country before commands were given.

"Piri, go call an ambulance." The woman obliged and left the room.

"England, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry."

"Based on the laboratory results, the alcohol hasn't damaged any of his system organs. With a little bit of TLC, he'll be set for discharge." Said the doctor.

They all stayed quiet, Kiku only giving a nod to dismiss the medical assistant. The Japanese man had the highly-fatigued girl in his arms as he did so. A heaved sigh leaves his mouth before he informed the others on his next action.

"Igirisu-san, America-san, if you'll excuse us, I'll be taking her home now." Said the formal nation.

The other two agreed and were soon left alone in the room to make up.

"I'm sorry for everything. You probably hate my guts for it," Alfred

said gloomily.

Arthur's eyes went wide at the words that left his partner's mouth. He knew that the root cause of this was the idiot's impulsiveness. However, it was his fault that he went all too much on the liquor to cause his own health to fail him. For all he knew, a regular human simply wouldn't survive such a feat. The liver would give out, causing the failure of the entire organ. Lucky for him, he was young, conditions like these would be easier to treat.

Tears glazed his already puffed eyes as he searched his brain for anything to say. His mind was too full and his pride was wavering. There was nothing much he could do since he was still recovering. Or, as he would call it, he's still _weak. _Slowly by slowly, a mix of sodium chloride and dihydrogen oxide began to flow. For almost the millionth time in this week, he cried. _He dissolved in sobs and tears. _

Sure enough, an experience such as what he went through must be life-scarring. Beforehand, he already feared losing someone close to him, someone he cares and yearns for a lot. Ever since the revolution that ended their brotherhood, he developed that phobia. An old, sentimental man that was hated by most of the world could wish to be loved once again.

Once he registered what was happening to England, America immediately tried to calm him down and take in some water. Unusual for the American, he concluded that after being in a depressive state and only drinking liquor for over stretch of 3 days, he'd obviously be very dehydrated.

"W-wait! Please stop crying," pleaded Alfred as he gently rubbed the sick man's back.

At the wrong time, he grew panicked. Arthur was incoherent, and he had zero knowledge on what to do. His hero instincts might kick in, but he's terribly frightened that he might do something to trigger the worst. Hesitance, it was the same thing the troubled patient felt at that time. It wasn't quite reassuring.

He could feel the elder nation calming down, yet he couldn't stop. Strong and soft hands remained to tremble ever so slightly with no permanent area to stay in, travelling from shoulders, forearms, neck, and back. Feeling this only led to more uncertainty from the Briton. He worried America just because he overreacted. If he didn't let depression and rejection get to him, both of them would probably in rainbows and sunshine right now.

"Forgive me, Alfred," he said in a hoarse voice. "I-I overreacted."

He avoided contact with those shining sapphires, those of which were a bit dull from all the past events. Same goes to him with his own bloodshot emeralds.

For a while, they sat together, deep in heavily emotional conversation. Both parties had a reason to seek forgiveness, as well as a reason to forgive. A final decision was made between them, and that's left only for their knowledge. Don't worry, you won't need to worry about _what happened after._

"I love you."

"I love you too, idiot."

End
file.